THE
NATION

MAY 31, 1958 . . 25c

ANTI-AMERICANISM:
Will South Vietnam Be Next?

Articles by Carey McWilliams and Bernard B. Fall

RICH MEN IN POLITICS

by E. Digby Baltzell

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Essays by M. L. Rosenthal and Louis Zukofsky

Four Passages from PATERSON V

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LETTERS

Wonderful Week's Bouquet

Dear Sirs: Just a note to tell you how much I enjoyed the May 17 issue. "The Class of '58 Speaks Up," Gardiner Means on the recession and M. L. Rosenthal's piece on "Irreverence in Poetry" make it a wonderful week's bouquet. I am ordering some extra copies as graduation gifts for my favorite seniors and I only regret that no women were included in the undergraduate survey.

JOHN V. MURRA
Dept. of Economics, Sociology and Anthropology, Vassar College

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

[Extra copies of the May 17 issue are available. See order coupon on the last page of this issue.—Editors]

The '58 Spokesmen

Dear Sirs: Communication is breaking down in an area where it should be uplifted. "The Class of '58 Speaks Up" in your May 17 issue proves it; in fact, the Dartmouth senior in his last paragraph admits that his ideas are second hand.

Where are their ideas coming from? Thornton Wilder (Class of the Lost G.) coined the tag "Silent" generation; Kenneth Rexroth (Class of the Great Depression) coined the "Beat." The "Bop" and the "Cool" are derived from the language of the jazz musician, a language filled with terms and patterns of speech which, like the music, says nothing by saying too much. As for these seniors in your symposium, they are merely parroting ideas; they have become puppets for the alter egos of the older generation of writers, critics, teachers.

CHARLES WARD

Wheaton, Illinois

Dear Sirs: It is obvious from your symposium that original thinking has no place in a college curriculum. . . . There are many of us who do not fit into the categories invented for our habitation—beat, silent or otherwise—and we now demand to be heard. To the 1958 graduates we say, "Grow up and face reality. You will live through this phase and realize what dupes you were in voicing the platitudinous ideas of your elders who have failed in so many things that now they have you believing all is lost. Are the bomb, the United Nations, General Motors, too much to comprehend?"

Is it asking too much to hear from the representatives of another side of this more than two-sided issue? You stacked the deck when you printed only the ideas of the conformists.

DAVID W. MENDENHALL

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs: "The Class of '58 Speaks Up" is most enlightening, and you are certainly to be congratulated on it. Your magazine continues to provide the vitamins of intellectual nourishment which are lacking from the fare provided by 99.44 per cent of our national publications.

MARTHA N. SMITH

Los Angeles, California

Educating the Public

Dear Sirs: Your articles on the problems besetting U.S. education [May 10 issue] were highly interesting and informative. "The Great Debate," as you call it, will be in process for a considerable time. I hope that your publication will continue to publish articles on the topic. At this stage, a well-informed public is our most urgent need in education.

JOSEPH M. BURNS
University of Wisconsin

Madison, Wisconsin

Patience and Fortitude

Dear Sirs: Instead of damning Secretary Dulles in practically every issue of *The Nation*, you should be praising him for his infinite patience and human understanding in the face of constant Russian dishonesty, duplicity and double-crossing. Secretary Dulles is doing his fellow Americans a distinct favor by staying on in what is essentially a thankless job. Another man of less fortitude, patience and persistence would have quit long ago in despair of the Russians. Mistakes he may have made, but they are not mistakes arising out of bad faith. He is, in my book, a truly great man.

MICHAEL A. VISAGGIO

St. Albans, N.Y.

Taft-Hartley Issue

Dear Sirs: I would like to invite the attention of your readers to a case which is slowly winning the national attention it deserves, the Cleveland Taft-Hartley Conspiracy Case. In addition to significant labor protest, friends of civil liberties have begun to notice the bearing which the Cleveland case has on such hotly disputed, Johnny-come-lately issues as loyalty oaths and guilt by association.

Summed up, conviction in the Cleveland case was obtained not on proof of commission of an unlawful act, but for conspiring to commit an unlawful act. Defendants deny committing any unlawful act and deny conspiring to do so. Testimony of one witness, flatly contradicted by defendants, was the crux of the government's case.

Should one be convicted of conspiring to falsify a sworn statement on uncorroborated testimony? Why did the government not charge perjury, unless prosecutors knew they could hope for conviction only under the much looser procedures followed in conspiracy cases?

HUGH DE LACY

Los Angeles, California

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 22

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Problem Is Policy

Vice President Nixon's report on his recent South American trip contains two divergent lines of thought. What we need, he said, is a new grass-roots diplomacy with less emphasis on "cocktails and white-tie dinners" and less hospitality for recently deposed dictators. Later in the speech he observed that the success of his mission would be found in the policies that the United States will practice in the future. But this point got much less public attention than the first. Fairly typical of the general press reaction was an editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune* captioned, "End Cocktail Diplomacy!" The editorial praised the Vice President for having "put his finger squarely on what's wrong with our diplomacy in Latin America" which is "simply this: our representatives see far too much of each other, or a limited circle of the rich, and far too little of the people." Squarely? Simply? This is tantamount to saying that the problem is one of selling policies and programs which are being resisted for reasons unrelated to their merits. It is to suggest that Dale Carnegie should advise Mr. Dulles on how to win friends and influence people.

In the same issue of the *Herald Tribune*, Walter Lippmann called attention to the fact that, at a press conference which was being held even as the Vice President spoke, Mr. Dulles gave the appearance of being "unperturbed and impervious, denying that anything very significant had happened." This impression of righteous self-confidence, combined with Mr. Nixon's emphasis on salesmanship and appearances, suggests that there is nothing much wrong with American policy. Or, as Mr. Lippmann put it, that there is no reason for the American people "to allow themselves to be stirred up into thinking about the state of their affairs." How, then, are the people to learn the hard truths except through headlines telling of riots and explosions? (See pp. 488-493.)

The Vice President's references to "cocktail diplomacy" merely echo a much earlier charge about "striped pants" diplomats. And there is nothing novel in his suggestion that we should not be too friendly with dictators, rampant or recumbent, in power or in exile, Perez Jiminez or Trujillo. This issue was hotly debated in the early 1940s by Sumner Welles and Spruille Braden. No one can quarrel with what Mr. Nixon had to say on both counts, but what he had to say was trite. The other day (May 20), an unnamed "American official long-based in Syria" was quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* as saying: "We are on the wrong side of a social revolution . . . and its uphill work." This suggests the real nature of our problem which, as Mr. Nixon implied, relates to policy.

Defectors or Missionaries?

You won't believe it, but it's true: the Senate Internal Security subcommittee wants to admit more Communists to the United States and is pleading for relaxation of the Walter-McCarran Act. Further inspection of the proposal will dampen the enthusiasm of those who think that this might be a good thing. What the subcommittee really yearns for is more *defectors* "to come forward and reveal the inner workings of the Communist conspiracy." The subcommittee is at the old stand, in other words, but running out of raw material to convert into headlines.

But what are the uses of defectors? With almost four million unemployed, it doesn't seem that we need them for manpower and, since the Russians perversely treat their scientists and engineers better than we treat ours, few defectors will have special skills which might be of value. What we *could* use are not defectors, but a flood of missionaries in reverse, i.e., Russians who would come to the United States and look us over.

The Moiseyev dance company, for instance, is described as wildly excited over their tour of the Ford Motor plant. Russians who come here and go back will be able to testify that whatever our difficulties in distribution, we do pretty well in production. The dancers will also be able to testify that we have a lot of people who like good dancing.

If the purpose of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee is to run a perpetual publicity racket, it is on the right track and the Congress, if it approves the racket, should supply it with more defectors. If the purpose is to defend capitalist democracy, the

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subcommittee is on the wrong track and the Congress should amend the Walter-McCarran Act in ways which will sadden the subcommittee and its fellow-travelers, but cheer everybody else.

Heading For Trouble

The late Senator McCarran, in the course of a long harassment of the Institute of Pacific Relations, was careful never to call before his committee the president of the Institute, Gerard Swope, who had been president of the General Electric Company and was still highly regarded in the councils of big business. Representative Francis Walter seems to be less prudent. He has announced his intention to subpoena Cyrus S. Eaton, the Cleveland industrialist who sponsors the Pugwash conferences, advocates peace with the USSR, and recently had the temerity to criticize the FBI.

Ordinarily we would not wish an appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee on anyone. This move on the part of Mr. Walter, however, seems to us a very good thing for all concerned—except perhaps Mr. Walter and his committee. Most of the witnesses before our sacred inquisitorial bodies have been eggheads, union officials or members, professional people and others of little prominence and few worldly possessions. The Davids of the earth seldom defeat the Goliaths, especially when the contests are rigged in advance. In the present case, Mr. Walter is taking on someone his own size, or bigger. Mr. Eaton is a capitalist who habitually goes around loaded for bear, whether in the pursuit of profit or what he considers to be his patriotic duty. The colloquy promises to be an interesting one. If, however, Mr. Walter should think better of the idea and follows the example of his illustrious predecessor, we shall understand.

"Soft on Capitalism"

The principle of William Occam that, other things being equal, the simplest explanation for a phenomenon is to be preferred, should hold in politics as well as in the natural sciences. Khrushchev's near about-face on Tito indicates that he is being forced to give ground to his neo-Stalinists, as liberals in the United States (no invidious comparison is intended but the record cannot be treated as a scrap of paper) have often given ground to reactionaries. Why should being soft on capitalism be a less heinous crime in the Soviet Union than being soft on communism in the United States? Khrushchev is a tough bargainer and his propaganda techniques, *vis-à-vis* the neutrals and the folks at home, are as crude as our own TV commercials, but fundamentally he is a conciliator. He wants to make the best deal possible, but by all indications he does want to make a deal and he is relatively unhampered by Marxist orthodoxy. Some of his policies—for example, in the case of Hungary—have backfired, and he has made powerful enemies in the Army and the bureaucracy. He has not yet gained compensating advantages abroad; Dulles, after a single conciliatory gesture in the Security Council, has reverted to his old ways. This implacable hostility, veiled in unctuous righteousness, is as foolish as it is tiresome. American diplomacy would do well to recognize that Khrushchev represents the forces of moderation in the Soviet setup, and not to ignore the fact that these forces may prove vulnerable to a combination of internal and external pressures. If they do, the future might prove even more unpleasant than the present.

The Power of a Book

The Nation's special issue last year on the Hiss case attracted more mail than any feature in years, but as we pointed out at the time, the silence that greeted it in the press was startling. Now Fred Cook has enlarged his study for *The Nation* and it has appeared as a book (*The Unfinished Case of Alger Hiss,* Morrow, $3.50). Such is the power of hard covers, we are pleased to note, that this enlarged version of our feature is now receiving the attention in the press it originally merited. Reviews appeared in both the daily and weekly book sections of the New York *Herald Tribune;* both reviews were fair. *The New York Times* assigned the book to Sidney Hook, whose appraisal was as predictable as Moshe Decter's which appeared in the New York *Post;* both reviewers did mention the book's title, however. But eminently fair and in some instances eloquent and lengthy reviews have appeared in the Washington *Post,* Washington *Star,* Chicago *Tribune,* St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* St. Paul *Dispatch,* Milwaukee *Journal,* Cleveland *Press,* Salt Lake *Tribune,* Baltimore *Sun* and other papers, including a first-rate review by William Rogers for the AP. Our esteemed contemporary, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* this week features a debate on the book; it is not uncommon for journals to commission two reviews of a controversial work—a practice not followed by *The Nation*—but *The Saturday Review,* in a dazzling journalistic performance, manages to come up with *three.* We congratulate Mr. Cook and his publishers on cracking the sound barrier at long last.

Newsmen With a Conscience

The deaths, within a few days of each other, of Elmer Davis and Thomas Stokes cannot fail to sadden a generation which had learned to count on the intelligence and warm concern of these two great reporters. Beyond that, we live in such times that the death of any man whose integrity and courage were never questioned makes us feel that our flank has been exposed.

But that feeling Davis and Stokes would have been

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the first to ridicule. They were not irreplaceable men—the exact key to their careers is that they were in no way extraordinary. They wrote well, but not superbly; they saw clearly, but not with clairvoyance; they were resolute, but it would be exaggeration to call them heroic. They succeeded by simplicity: they said — always — exactly what they believed and, being intelligent men who worked hard to discover the facts, what they believed was usually true.

The lives of Davis and Stokes can be an inspiration in a way that the lives of more unusual men cannot. No one can determine to emulate Bernard Shaw or Oliver Wendell Holmes, but scores of young men and women can resolve to emulate Davis and Stokes. Indeed, for the well-being of the future it is imperative that they should do so.

The Republic Wins a Round

Paris, May 24.

In Parliament last Tuesday, Jules Moch, Minister of the Interior, indignantly remarked: "Thirty-five American tourists took an hour to be persuaded to emerge from a plane at Orly airfield, so scared were they to get involved in bloodshed in Paris." It is quite true that there is no bloodshed here; everything looks normal and the stock market is rising, apparently because the business world anticipates a de Gaulle government sooner or later. But below the surface, the situation remains tense.

The Pflimlin Government, despite the vast Parliamentary majority afforded it, is in a false position, owing to its camouflaged but genuine incapacity to control the Algiers junta. It is true that the junta represents various contradictory tendencies; General Massu and the civilian extremists have been pushed into the background and Salan, paradoxically representing the Government yet declaring his allegiance to de Gaulle, claims to control the situation. Salan has even expelled from Algeria a number of agitators like the Poujadist Deputy Lepen, who had rushed there to jump on the Fascist bandwagon, while strong-man Soustelle, who had hoped to head the Algiers Public Safety Committee at the invitation of General Massu, author of the May 13 coup, has been pushed aside for the present.

France continues to be haunted by the question: "Will the Republic subdue the *putschists* who are enjoying de Gaulle's open support, or will de Gaulle's rise to power become inevitable perhaps a few weeks hence?" De Gaulle himself, while lending the fullest support to the Algerian *putsch,* now thinks he can acquire supreme power not by provoking large-scale rioting here (for who will do the rioting?), or by Algerian paratroops' seizure of Paris—a most doubtful venture, though one of which the Government was scared for a couple of days—but by the growth of public and Parliamentary conviction that he alone is capable of normalizing the situation. With his usual mixture of arrogance and paternalism, de Gaulle at his press conference on May 19 offered, like Petain did in 1940, to make France a gift of his person. Most significant were his attempts to show that his domestic policies, when he was in power in '46, prove him worthy of Socialist support.

The Pflimlin Government seems divided into "hard" and "soft" men; but the Premier is unwilling to attempt a showdown with Algiers (for example, through the threat of a blockade), preferring instead to exploit the idea—true or not—that Salan is paying lip service to de Gaulle only because in no other way can he maintain his authority among the *colons* and the Algerian Army. Salan is a soldier-politician, and which way he will finally jump nobody knows.

What is the state of French public opinion? Much of it is apolitical, slightly anti-Parliamentary, vaguely Gaullist. But there is a genuine and widespread dread of civil war, and de Gaulle will be acceptable to the people only if he can get in "quietly"—which is precisely what the General would prefer. Nevertheless, the French by tradition prefer a bad republic to a good tyranny; and the public generally is not enthusiastic over Algiers generals who take the law into their own hands. Coupled with this is a certain dread that the respectable father-figure of de Gaulle might well surround himself, like Petain in Vichy days, with thugs and gangster elements who would do all the dirty work. Hence, no doubt, de Gaulle's reassuring refrain, "I do not intend to be a dictator." The working class is mainly anti-Gaullist, or rather anti-Fascist. Hence, again, de Gaulle's attempt to differentiate between Gaullism and fascism, and even to claim that he seeks no more power than that wielded by the President of the United States. This throwing of Gaullic dust in the eyes is practiced today on a vast scale by the greater part of the French press, which is trying to prepare people psychologically for de Gaulle's advent. Nevertheless, many people around the General doubt whether he can accede to power without the danger of civil war.

The greatest myth built up during the past week is that the Algiers *putsch* has produced a great movement among Moslems to hail de Gaulle as "a liberator" and war terminator. It is true that crowds of Algerian Moslems, terrorized for a whole year by Massu's paratroopers, obeyed the order to shout Gaullist slogans, while some who are war-weary by now fell for the propaganda that de Gaulle would bring them peace and a fair deal. Their demonstrations cannot be considered significant.

What is the opinion of the Army rank-and-file? French conscripts in Algeria, as distinct from professionals, are extremely unenthusiastic about the whole Algerian venture, while the conscripts in France are

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mainly non-Gaullist. The officers, however, are extremely divided, so despite the apparent democracy of War Minister Chevigne, the Army remains a slightly dubious factor. The police, on the other hand, appear to be well under the control of Jules Moch, Minister of the Interior.

The strangest phenomenon is that the Algiers-Paris conflict is going on in a complete vacuum wherein the following "details" are ignored: (1) The strength of the Algerian armed forces, according to air-ace Pierre Clostermann in an Assembly speech (which was played down almost everywhere) continues to grow and is rendering French military victory exceedingly unlikely without a vast increase of professional troops; (2) The announcement that an independent Algerian Government will be formed, probably in Cairo in June, and the fact that it will be recognized by Nasser, probably by Khrushchev—and perhaps even by the United States. The anti-American element in recent events, which started with the revolt against Murphy, is unquestionable. De Gaulle is aiming at the restoration of French "leadership" in Western Europe and greater independence *vis-à-vis* the United States, which might mean complete neutrality and the elimination of American bases, or perhaps—as the newsletter *Perspectives*, which is close to Juin, suggests—the preservation of U.S. bases against a billion-dollar annual rental.

To sum up: The Republic has won the first round, but only the utmost vigilance on the part of both the Government and the working class can finally win the battle. Meanwhile, de Gaulle's main objective is to get to power without arousing Socialist-Communist unity and a mass working-class revolt. Although the possibility of a Franco-Soviet rapprochement is not ruled out in the event of a de Gaulle regime, the Communists today are conducting a vigorous anti-Fascist line.

ALEXANDER WERTH

ANTI-AMERICANISM UPDATED . . *by Carey McWilliams*

THE anti-American riots of May 13 in Algiers, Caracas and Beirut could mark a turning point in United States policy. It is too early to assess their full impact on American public opinion, but the initial reactions reveal a new sophistication and maturity. Right, left and center, there is agreement that these latest manifestations of anti-American feeling cannot be solely or even primarily attributed to the Communists, even though everyone assumes that they were active in them. Whatever he is, Nasser is not a Communist; nor were the French rioters in Algiers Communists; nor does anyone, with the possible exception of J. Edgar Hoover, believe that the disturbances in Lima and Caracas can be written off as Communist-inspired.

At the same time, public opinion has not veered toward isolationism. Grass-roots reports indicate that the shadow of sputnik has convinced most people that "fortress America" is a mirage. Nor has the public jumped to the conclusion that the answer to anti-Americanism is to be found in more guns and better propaganda, a tough line and more dollars.

Nor is the public impressed by the suggestion, advanced by the Director of USIA and others, that since "we're the biggest and strongest," we must, like the British in the days of Palmerston, learn to accept abuse. The public may not know what is wrong with the analogy, but it is quite aware that nuclear weapons, by severely limiting the exercise of force, have created the need for a new diplomacy. Nor does the "biggest and strongest" theory square with our experience. Even when we were stronger, relatively speaking, than we are today, American dignitaries were not spat upon when they visited our "sister" republics to the South. The warmth of the receptions accorded Roosevelt and Wallace in these same republics has not been forgotten.

Even more significant than these reactions is the universal acknowledgment that "something must be wrong"—wrong, that is, with American policy. At long last the public has begun to connect "anti-Americanism" and politics. Last fall Geoffrey Barraclough pointed out in these pages (October 12, 1957), that to treat "anti-Americanism as a sociological and psychological problem may produce some interesting scientific (or pseudo-scientific) studies. But in the end it serves only to gloss over the fact that the fundamental issues . . . are political."

And so they are. It's not more studies and investigations that we need, but a strong public demand, operating on Congress and the Administration, for the implementation of programs that have been gathering dust since the halcyon days of the great boom. "Massive examination and investigation of the Latin-American policy of the United States," comments Harvard's Dr. Thomas F. McGann, "will turn up little that is not well known, including the fact that we have been remarkably ignorant, apathetic and complacent with regard to those whom we like to call and who like to consider themselves good neighbors." Programs? Consult Dr. Milton Eisenhower's report and recommendations of 1953, or look up such neglected U.N. studies as *Commodity Trade and Economic Development* (1953), *International Cooperation in a Latin-American Development Policy* (1954), and many others.

And must Canadians riot in the streets of Ottawa, Ontario and

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Montreal before we will take their grievances seriously? Surely we don't need any further study or investigation to learn what is currently wrong with Canadian-American relations. As recently as May 5, Congressmen Brooks Hays and Frank M. Coffin, who made up the Special Study Mission to Canada, spelled it out for their colleagues and for the rest of us. We have a $12 billion investment in Canada (39 per cent of our total foreign investment), and we never cease saying that Canada is vital to our defense, yet we act as though we wanted to make Canadians feel like rebellious colonials. The Canadian oil industry is largely American-owned, yet on December 24, 1957, the Administration lowered the boom on Canadian oil shipments to the West Coast. Only the other day Lester Pearson, in a bitter mood that is new with him, said that Canada may have ceased to be a colony of the United Kingdom "only to become an economic colony of the U.S.A."

Yes, those Canadian riots may be nearer than we think. On April 4, 1957, the Canadian diplomat, E. Herbert Norman, committed suicide, largely as a result, so the Canadians thought, of a smear by the Senate Internal Security Committee ("Death of a Diplomat" by Harold Greer, *The Nation*, April 20, 1957). A wave of protest swept through Canada, and Washington gave formal assurances that this sort of thing would not happen again. One year later, almost to the day, Senator Eastland applied the same needle, this time to Robert Bryce, a secretary to the Canadian Cabinet. On May 14, Canadian Foreign Secretary Sidney Smith angrily accused the Eisenhower Administration of breaking its earlier promise about the release of security information concerning Canadian citizens. It was as though the Norman case had never happened. To be ignored so casually, in such an absent-minded way, must be the ultimate affront.

THE RIOTS OF MAY 13 were not, of course, the first strong manifestation of anti-American feeling. Over fifty USIA centers in twenty-one foreign countries have been bombed, set afire or wrecked in the last decade, most of them in the last few years. Almost a year ago to the day, a mob wrecked the American Embassy and USIA headquarters in Taipei, to the "amazement" of the American press and public (*The Nation*, June 8, 1957). Has our China policy changed in the meantime? The storm signals have been flying in Latin America for years. We were forewarned about the current upheaval in Indonesia, which has taken on strong anti-American overtones, but about all that we did was to recall the Ambassador who had given the warning. A time bomb is ticking at the moment in South Vietnam (see Bernard Fall's article, page 489); must we wait until it explodes?

Perhaps we need some USIA offices in the principal American cities. "Almost every Canadian," report Messrs. Hays and Coffin, "is fully aware of current problems in the United States. On the other hand, when the Canadian visits the United States there is usually a total ignorance of any Canadian matters. This is obviously irritating. . . ." Very. But the fault does not lie entirely with the people. *The New York Times* is the only American newspaper maintaining an office and staff in Ottawa. The A.P. and U.P. get their Canadian news from the Canadian Press or from the British United Press, whose coverage, primarily directed toward the Canadian public, often fails to interest Americans. The Canadians are not rioting—yet—but they recently levied a 20 per cent tax on all advertisements appearing in Canadian editions of American magazines, even those published in Canada.

Events are always more persuasive than exhortations, as the reaction to the May 13 riots indicates. But must people spit in our faces before we tumble to the fact that "something is wrong'" with our policies?

Will South Vietnam Be Next? . . *by Bernard B. Fall*

ON JULY 11, 1957, a group of armed men machine-gunned to death seventeen occupants of a bar in Chau-Doc, South Vietnam. On September 14, the district chief of My-Tho and his whole family were stopped in broad daylight on a main highway and killed in cold blood. On October 10, a bomb thrown into a cafe in Saigon's Chinatown Cholon wounded thirteen persons, including two plainclothes Security Police members. On October 22, thirteen American servicemen were injured in three bombings directed against American installations in Saigon. On February 12, 1958, a Vietnamese Army truck was ambushed on a main highway near Saigon and its occupants killed. And on March 6, 1958, the Saigon newspaper *Dan Chung* [The Population] announced that "our people are fleeing the villages and returning to the cities for fear of Communist guerrillas and feudalistic officials."

These are items culled from hundreds of similar incidents reported over the past six months in the South Vietnamese press. They clearly express a trend which has been developing over the past year and one which is hidden from the casual foreign observer behind a screen of immaculate refugee camps, model nurseries and schools, and store displays in Saigon overflowing with Western consumer goods, from nylon shirts to tape-recorders, hi-fi sets and shiny automobiles.

In spite of a most generous measure of American financial (more

BERNARD B. FALL, Associate Professor of International Relations at Howard University, recently returned from a study mission in South Vietnam.

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than a billion dollars in the past four years) and political support, the South Vietnamese Government of President Ngo Dinh Diem is faced today with growing insecurity in the countryside and an economic crisis which threatens to wipe out most of the benefits this Missouri-sized country, with a population of about 12,000,000, derives from the aid program of the International Cooperation Administration (ICA). Without this aid, South Vietnam would, beyond a doubt, have collapsed long ago. This is not the place to discuss how and why South Vietnam became an exclusive American responsibility after having been French-controlled for one hundred years. Suffice it to say that the Government of President Ngo Dinh Diem, which took over from the French at the time of the 1954 cease-fire and partition, had the wholehearted support of the United States. As a British journalist termed it recently, American aid to the small country became one of "the biggest Santa Claus" operations of all times.

TO understand the effect of this aid, its mechanism must be briefly explained. About 80 per cent consists of merchandise exported directly to South Vietnam. This merchandise, sold through normal commercial channels, "generates local currency"—Washington "officialese" for the fact that the local population buys such merchandise with its own currency. This currency, minus normal commercial profits, is deposited in a "Counterpart Fund," out of which the receiver government covers the expenses for various projects approved jointly by the local United States Operations Mission (USOM) and the government. (More than $200 million out of an approximate total of $250 million a year of U. S. aid goes into the support and maintenance of the ten-division Vietnamese Army and other security forces.) The remaining 20 per cent of the total aid is given Vietnam in "hard currency" (i.e., dollars) granted for outright purchases in the United States and other countries, or may consist in part of currencies of third countries

Ngo Dinh Diem

which owe money to the United States and from which Vietnam desires to make certain purchases.

During the past fiscal year, American aid to Vietnam supported the whole cost of the Vietnamese armed forces, nearly 80 per cent of all other government expenditures, and almost 90 per cent of all imports. And this is not all. In terms of personnel, American commitments are equally far-reaching. USOM provides for American technical help in every field of activity. Michigan State University, under a million-dollar-a-year contract to ICA, runs the administration school and trains the police; U.S. educators write the country's textbooks; American medical personnel trains nurses; a "private" American-Vietnamese association runs English-language courses for Vietnamese officers. And a vast U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) — its exact size classified but including well over a thousand officers and men — trains the Vietnamese Army, Navy and Air Force.

In addition, there are the regular, fairly large, staffs of the U. S. Embassy, the Information Service (USIS), and of several private American charitable agencies which have provided the Vietnamese with more than $30 million worth of clothing, drugs and food over the past four years. There are dozens of private engineering and other firms on subcontract to USOM, each with its vehicles conspicuously marked with the firm name and a U. S. insignia. There is the Alhambra, an air-conditioned movie theatre exclusively reserved for U.S. personnel and *verboten* to Vietnamese; there is the *Times of Vietnam*, a weekly produced by a former American information officer operating under a Vietnamese name; and, above all, there is the PX, providing the American colony with all the amenities of American life. The Navy supply ship which brings in those goodies does not, like all other commercial ships, berth in the port of Saigon, but is unloaded right at the end of Saigon's busiest thoroughfare under the eyes of hundreds of Vietnamese bystanders.

AND HERE, precisely, lies the nub of the situation. "Don't the Americans ever buy anything from us?" is the standard complaint of Vietnamese merchants. "We can't live on selling soda and ice to the Americans," say the cafe owners, sadly contemplating their American customers with their hip flasks of American whiskey. "They don't like our food," says the restaurant owner, "they say it's unsanitary." These are the more obvious signs of a real breakdown of the country's tenuous economic fabric, due to a total misreading of the role which the Americans and Vietnamese expected each other to play in the rebuilding of the country's economy. The Americans saw their role limited to giving the country an economic start and to keeping its armed forces strong enough to deter Communist aggression from North Vietnam. The Vietnamese, on the whole, wanted to get rid of the French but *without* losing the benefits of having 270,000 customers—the French Expeditionary Corps—spread throughout the countryside, buying soap and cigarettes from the local merchants, eating Chinese soup at the village shop, paying for local services such as laundry-washing, dating the local girls. The country-wide spread of purchasing power now has disappeared and has not been replaced, with serious consequences for the whole economy, but particularly for the back country, which in no way shares the artificial prosperity of

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Saigon. The disappointment is real and growing, and neither American nor Vietnamese officials have thus far had the courage to attempt to explain the state of affairs to the Vietnamese or, for that matter, to Washington. Or, when the truth *is* brought home, as it was last year in an excellent report by Clement Johnston, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, or as it is at present by Leland Barrows, the Director of USOM Vietnam who was recently called to Washington to testify on Vietnam's economy, it is buried in government channels. In his unclassified report, Mr. Johnston stated:

> The number of American jeeps, American uniforms, American faces, which one encounters on the principal streets of the principal cities [of Asia] seems disproportionately large to a native population that has an innate distrust or resentment of anything alien or non-national. . . .
>
> . . . If the American presence is over-obvious we will inevitably be made the scapegoat for failure or shortcomings in which we had little or no part.

This is exactly what has happened in South Vietnam. Incidents between Vietnamese and Americans, most of them carefully hushed up in the press, occur frequently enough, even if one disregards the repeated bombing of American installations —the U.S. library in 1955, the Ambassador's residence in 1956, a hotel and the library again in 1957 — which may be the work of professional terrorists. The bulk of them involve MAAG personnel who, like their colleagues in Taiwan, are in no way subject to local jurisdiction.

"What do you expect us to do?" said one MAAG officer to this writer last summer in Vietnam, "we aren't an occupation force, you know. Our guys are spread in small packets throughout the countryside, wearing civvies, living in the local hotels. It's a miracle that they don't get into any real trouble. And if they *do* get into trouble, they're shipped out to the Philippines for courts-martial. If convicted, they'll serve their time in the brig there or, if the offense is serious, in the United States. In any case, the Vietnamese don't know what happens to them. They probably think we just whitewash all the cases, as the Commie propaganda tells them."

A high Vietnamese police commander admitted to me that his men were reluctant to take any action in cases involving Americans, which does not exactly enhance their standing in the eyes of their countrymen. So the Vietnamese, particularly the taxi and pedicab drivers, often resort to a type of rough-and-ready justice in which they will gang up on an American involved in a dispute with one of them and leave him in the gutter — minus his wallet, watch and other valuables, which may include his trousers.

The Vietnamese also resent the instances of "Americans Only" with which they are faced at times and which they attribute to racial prejudice. The movie theatre has been mentioned. The American dependents' school does not accept Vietnamese children, although it has accepted the two American-educated children of a French diplomat. Why not admit the three or four children of Vietnamese diplomats formerly stationed in the United States and do away with oblique references to "Little Rock"? The school discrimination is particularly glaring in view of the fact that the French never had special schools for their children and now operate a whole school system for more than 25,000 native children in Vietnam. It is surprising how much good will can be lost through a single unthinking gesture.

BUT the foregoing factors would constitute only minor frictions if America's $250-million-a-year gamble had proved successful otherwise. The hard fact is, however, that Vietnam's economy today is steadily deteriorating. With the lone exception of rubber, it is below even the pre-cease-fire level, not to speak of the pre-war level. Rice exports slumped from 1.3 million tons pre-World War II to about 350,000 tons during the years of the war with the Communist Vietminh. Even in 1954, when the Communists occupied much of the countryside and levied heavy "taxes" on the peasants, exports of rice totaled 778 million piasters. In 1955, the first year of peace, and without the drain of exporting rice to the usually deficient (now Communist) North, exports slumped to 313 million piasters. In 1956, exports dwindled to *nothing*, and in 1957, despite formal government assurances of a surplus of 300,000 tons, only about 195,000 tons were exported. The 1958 crop is already faced with a disastrous drought and all rice exports were stopped by government order this month.

Land reform, widely hailed as giving the small farmer a share in his country's economy, has bogged down in red tape and inefficiency, and is not even keeping pace with the natural growth of the farming population. In the field of business, particularly, the whole program has failed to come up to expectations. The process of "generating local currency" as a source of funds for various projects puts both the Vietnamese and American governments at the mercy of what the public is willing to spend its money on—and the Vietnamese public seems to prefer hi-fi sets, cameras, wrist watches and American cigarettes to tractors and lathes. During 1956-57, Vietnam, a traditional food exporter, purchased agricultural products totaling about $33 million, including $7 million for rice products, $11.2 million for milk and $300,000 for fresh fruits. Compared to $800,000 allocated for tractors and industrial vehicles, $7 million were spent on private cars and $5.5 million on tires and tubes for them. This agricultural country imported $2 million worth of fertilizer, but imported $6.5 million worth of cigarettes and tobacco. One-fifth of total aid funds — about $45 million — was spent on textiles. Lastly, $141,000 were spent on importing — firecrackers!

THE market is saturated with consumer goods of all kinds which the Vietnamese are no longer able to buy. Merchandise is left to rot on the docks by importers who haven't the money to pay for it.

Last summer, ICA imported U.S. agricultural surpluses of milk, wheat, flour and corn. Like all Asians, the Vietnamese are not fond of milk, prefer rice to wheat and detest corn. Yet, at the same time, American

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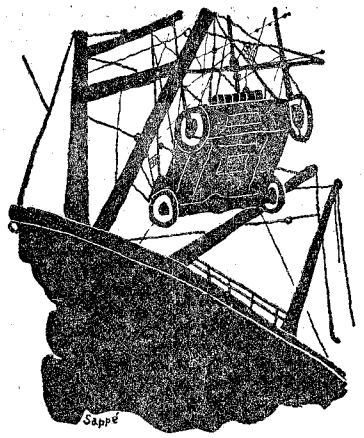

charitable agencies imported vast quantities of these same surpluses for free distribution to the refugees, who immediately resold them for whatever the market would bear. The bottom fell out of the cereals market, importers went bankrupt, and observers witnessed the odd spectacle of private American charity apparently "torpedoing" an American government aid program. Similar occurrences are increasing in number. On January 30, 1958, Vietnam had a stock of typewriters sufficient to cover its needs for five years and a stock of calculating machines (including 450 electric calculators) sufficient to cover its needs for eight years. Neither of these items can be successfully stocked in the tropics for so long a time.

IN THE field of textiles, where the imports compete with a small, struggling, native industry, the result has been a disastrous price slump, with goods selling below cost. Stocks on hand are sufficient to give about two suits of clothes to every Vietnamese man, woman and child, not counting an additional 23,000,000 yards of cloth which were due to arrive by the end of March, 1958.

Obviously, the "commercial import program," designed to generate local currencies" in order to finance a large standing army and long-range economic development, is definitely *not* a solution for an underdeveloped area such as Vietnam. On the contrary, it channels whatever little capital is available into goods that at best are useless, and are sometimes actually injurious, to a weak economy. Shiny, big cars, for instance, create a long-term dependency upon dollar-paid spare parts, tires, batteries and gasoline which the local economy can ill afford. In Vietnam, this dependency has gone from bad to worse. The amount of imports covered by exports *decreased* from 27 per cent in 1956 to 21 per cent last year, while the amount of imports in the same period *increased* from 7.5 billion piasters to more than 10 billion. In other words, after four years of peace and American aid the Vietnamese economy, far from "paying its way," is going downhill at an increasingly rapid rate.

THE SAME may be said of the state of security throughout the countryside. Even President Ngo Dinh Diem, after two years of official silence on the matter in Saigon (and loud optimism on the subject abroad), acknowledged in a press conference during his state visit to Manila last March 22 that "there had been a renewal of Communist subversive activities in South Vietnam." Within a few months, given the rapid spreading of ambushes and killings of minor government officials, and the increasing economic difficulties, this may be an understatement.

To be sure, the regime is reasonably secure, and the Communists in the North have their own problems, such as the peasant rebellion which coincided with the Hungarian revolt. As to politics, warning is due against any starry-eyed illusion about "democracy" in South Vietnam. President Ngo Dinh Diem was elected by a 98.2 per cent vote and opposition journalists in Saigon, as reported recently in *The New York Times*, tend to "vanish" and their newspapers to be wrecked by well-coached mobs. Thus, since democracy cannot be the criterion, the government must be judged on its efficiency in "keeping the trains running on time," (i.e., giving the country a fair amount of good administration and economic development).

Empty slogans such as "economic independence" — a myth not even the advanced countries can well afford—are bandied about in Vietnam and used to wreck what is left of French and Chinese economic footholds in the country, while at the same time shining offers are made for new (i.e., American) capital to enter the picture.

Economic planning is haphazard, unencumbered by the specialized knowledge required for sound planning. South Vietnam has none of the basic requisites of an industrial nation: coal, iron, power, skilled labor and markets. Yet the industries launched were exactly those it needed least: a watch-assembly plant which, after one year of operation, recently closed its doors; a scooter-assembly plant, a sewing-machine assembly shop, etc. On the other hand, a French-built rubber-products plant capable of producing a full line of goods from locally-made rubber was allowed to close down for lack of a modest modernization loan. Year-long dickering went on between Vietnam and the Renault, British Ford and Volkswagen firms for the establishing of an auto-assembly plant in Saigon; the three firms finally gave up in the face of Vietnamese demands while little Cambodia, next door, with far fewer resources, now has an assembly shop for the French 2-horsepower Citroen trucks. Vietnam now seeks to build a sugar-refining industry to cover all its potential sugar needs (about 60,000 tons a year). But, according to American experts, it would take it at least ten years to establish the sugar-cane resources to feed such an industry — and meanwhile in the neighboring Philippines, half of a very efficient American-built sugar industry lies idle.

THESE are the hard facts, and they are not very pretty. But they must be revealed now, while it is not yet too late to change course. The change cannot be undertaken in Saigon, but must be carried out in Washington in the face of probable opposition by the well-established "Vietnamese lobby." The United States cannot afford yet another defeat in Asia without losing whatever remains of Asian confidence in the West's ability to understand and cope with Oriental political, economic and social problems.

Perhaps the time has come to reappraise the impact of the vast commercial import programs upon the

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economies of underdeveloped areas —in Latin America and the Middle East, as well as in Asia. It may be that despite their temporary usefulness as pump-primers, these programs, which have become the favored American form of foreign aid, in the long run create more problems than they solve. What if the local populations exhaust their needs for "hard" consumer goods, or just find them too expensive? This phenomenon, we are told, is at the root of the present American recession. How much more vulnerable to the same phenomenon is an underdeveloped economy!

With a rival Communist regime in the North watching South Vietnam for every sign of internal weakness, neither the United States nor, for that matter, France, the Colombo Plan countries and the U.N. (all of which operate smaller aid programs in behalf of Saigon), can afford to take a "devil take the hindmost" attitude in this corner of Southeast Asia. For in this case the hindmost are the landless farmer and the jobless worker. And they made up the Communist shock troops who defeated the French at Dien Bien Phu.

RICH MEN IN POLITICS . . *by E. Digby Baltzell*

THERE IS A very good chance that W. Averell Harriman, heir to one of America's greatest railroad fortunes, will be opposed in his fight for re-election to the governorship of New York by his friend, Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, grandson of the founder of the nation's first oil dynasty.

The election has national implications, for the winner will control the country's largest delegation to one or the other of the 1960 national conventions.

Both Harriman and Rockefeller have proved themselves in a wide variety of appointive positions in the federal government under Presidents Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower. Harriman, in addition, has won his spurs as a shrewd professional politician with considerable voter-appeal and campaigning stamina. Until now, Rockefeller has been content to carry out the policies of his political superiors in appointive positions. His intimates are sure, however, that this handsome, restless and responsible man-of-means wants the final prize of political professionalism—approval of the voters, elective office, and a chance to initiate policy.

The election now shaping up in New York State raises an interesting question: what kind of role have the rich and well-born played in American political life? This country is supposedly devoted to the cult of the self-made man, and a variety of traditional American ideologies could have been expected to work against the aristocrat in politics. But myth does not always correspond to reality, and our political history reveals that wealthy and well-born statesmen have consistently managed to cultivate the confidence of the voters. Both George Washington, who drove to open Congress in his coach and six, with outriders and footmen in livery, and the ostentatiously plain master of Monticello, who rode up alone and hitched his horse to the nearest post, were popular patrician heroes. And Franklin D. Roosevelt, squire of Dutchess County, carried on this tradition by becoming the egalitarian twentieth century's greatest national hero and voice of the common man.

Patrician leadership was taken for granted and openly admired during the colonial period and at the nation's founding. John Hancock, the "patriot in purple" inheritor of the largest fortune in New England, and Charles Carroll of "Carrollton," the richest man in the colonies, were signers of the liberal and revolutionary Declaration of Independence. The more conservative Constitution, as the historian Charles A. Beard emphasized, was drawn up and supported by the wealthiest men in the new nation.

Egalitarian democracy in America was a product of the frontier and factory. In the early nineteenth century, as the pioneers pushed out over the fall line of the Alleghenies and the industrial revolution began to take hold in the Eastern cities, manners and morals began to change. The folk hero of the common man first came out of the West, when Andrew Jackson challenged the money-power of the Eastern creditors, symbolized by Nicholas Biddle, old Philadelphia's most polished and arrogant aristocrat. It is usually assumed that Jackson marked the break from the older aristocratic appeal in politics to the newer cult of the self-made man. But this folk hero who led the plain people out of the banker's bondage was a typical frontier aristocrat, and not such a radical departure from the Virginia dynasty as is so often supposed. Certainly an aristocrat in bearing and conviction, even his "humble" birth has been exaggerated in the textbooks. Although the son of Scotch-Irish immigrants, his family's connections on the Carolina frontier were excellent: his uncles were large landowners as well as civic and military leaders in the Revolutionary period, and young Andrew, upon his father's death, became a landed proprietor (200 acres) at the age of three. In an environment where some of the men and nearly all of the women signed their names with an "X," the precocious boy was sent to a classical school and, at the age of eleven, was reading such news as the Declaration of July 4, 1776, to a group of thirty or forty adult

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citizens of his local town. In many ways the master of the "Hermitage," who had been retired as a country gentleman for ten years before being called to the Presidency, was very much in the patrician tradition of Thomas Jefferson and the older Virginia frontier. The myth may very well have changed, but the type of leadership had not.

That one must be *of* the people in order to be *for* them became an ideological staple after the age of Jackson. The log-cabin-to-President myth, as a matter of fact, was born in the cynical campaign of 1840, when the power-starved Whigs, led by Daniel Webster and the moneymen of the East, succeeded in ousting the Democrats after three terms in office. Picturing Martin Van Buren as a fastidious aristocrat with cologne-scented whiskers, forever drinking champagne out of crystal goblets, the cynical Whigs ran the old hero of Tippecanoe, General William Henry Harrison, who preferred plain hard cider and whose simple tastes fitted the Midwestern, log-cabin stereotype.

THE truth may make us free, but it is often hard to come by, especially during political campaigns. In spite of log-cabin songs, log-cabin clubs, log-cabin badges and a campaign oratory akin to modern Madison Avenue methods (jingles, generals and all), the candidates themselves were actually quite different from the fictional roles into which they had been cast by the politicians. Van Buren, far from an irresponsible aristocrat, was a devoted Democrat and self-made, professional politician. And old Tippecanoe, educated by private tutors before studying medicine under the famous Benjamin Rush in Philadelphia, was the son of Benjamin Harrison, acme of Virginia's patrician-planter class, signer of the Declaration of Independence and governor of his state (the first Harrison was elected to the House of Burgesses in 1624, and the family, like the Adamses and Roosevelts, produced two Presidents of the United States).

The cynicism of the campaign of 1840 foreshadowed a general decline in the caliber of American political leadership throughout the remainder of the century. Actually the leaders of wealth and position so characteristic of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century political life in America had been drawn primarily from the landed aristocracy. Especially after the Civil War, however, city fortunes bred a class of men who turned away from politics and public service into the counting house and factory. While old-stock Americans, of unquestionable ability, energy and lust for power were engaged in spanning a continent with rails, exploiting our natural resources and building business dynasties, political affairs, by and large, were left to the party boss and the city machine—the way to wealth and power for the ambitious immigrant. America's business gentlemen paid off the party hack and asked only to be left alone to gather gold.

By the turn of America's business century, however, a new brand of wealthy politicians was at the helm of the ship of state. As the trust gradually replaced competitive enterprise, business gentlemen discarded the less convenient aspects of *laissez-faire* ideology when they saw that monopoly profits depended on political power. In this new "billion-dollar country," the tariff became the mother of trusts, the Senate a millionaire's club, and the federal government a profit-sharing annex of Wall Street. When old Tippecanoe's grandson, Benjamin Harrison, was swept into the Presidency in 1889, wealth's domination of commonwealth was virtually complete. His famous Businessmen's Cabinet (Postmaster General John Wanamaker contributed $50,000 to the party war-chest) proved a convenient ally of a Senate composed of no less than twenty-five millionaires, representing lumber, oil, copper, sugar, silver and steel rather than geographical constituencies. And the uncrowned king was Nelson Aldrich, who ruled the Senate for thirty years in an era when boss-run legislatures, rather than the voters, chose our senior legislators in Washington.

The twentieth century, except for the business binge-and-bust during the twenties, has probably witnessed a real renaissance in American political leadership. The progressive movement ushered in the new century and produced two outstanding Presidents in Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Conservative and patrician in temperament and background, both men took a moralistic approach to political issues. Roosevelt, active in municipal reform and Civil Service Commissioner under Harrison before bursting on the national political scene as the hero of San Juan Hill, was of old Knickerbocker stock. Although possessed of considerable inherited means, he was hardly cut from the same cloth as the self-made millionaires of his day. Theodore Roosevelt, the patrician reformer who spoke out against the members of his class who usually "made the till their fatherland," anticipated the age of Franklin D. Roosevelt, when many men of inherited means went down to Washington to help bail out the American people from the Great Depression.

WHILE the rich and well-born, during Fitzgerald's flaming decade, played the market and polo, it is interesting that such patricians as Averell Harriman, Dean Acheson, Francis Biddle, Sumner Welles and Joseph C. Grew, all at Groton School before World War I, should have become prominent in public service under the Democrats, the party of the urban masses. But then Franklin D. Roosevelt surrounded himself with a generation of gifted and sensitive men, many of whom were undoubtedly guilt-driven to reform by the knowledge that their immediate ancestors had "made the till their fatherland." There is no doubt that this newly-awakened sense of *noblesse oblige* in America played an important role in Roosevelt's New Deal. But there were other reasons for the re-entry of the patrician into political life.

In the first place, since the depression and World War II, government has played a larger and larger role in the lives of all Americans. Perhaps the rich men in the Roosevelt Administration, often called traitors to their class, were just the first to realize that big government was here to stay. If the costs of gov-

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ernment were to remain high, so they reasoned, they themselves had better get into the act and do their best to see that the gigantic machinery was administered as honestly and efficiently as possible. And since the war, more and more wealthy Republicans have begun to follow the example of their Democratic friends. Instead of sitting on the sidelines, carping at that man Roosevelt, the New Deal and government in general, they have gone into politics in increasing numbers. Perhaps Nelson Rockefeller will join such men as Herter, Lodge and Saltonstall of Massachusetts, or young Freylinghuysen of New Jersey, in the slowly emerging Republican revival of the gentleman-of-means in politics.

Along with the increasing size and importance of government in American life, there has also been an increase in the power and prestige attached to governmental service. Real money-making has been handicapped by the tax structure, while elaborate expense accounts and retirement plans would hardly appeal to the more creative minds, especially those possessed of inherited wealth. Moreover, power and command have definitely shifted from Wall Street to Washington in this post-war world. The days of the Rothschilds financing the wars of Europe, or J. P. Morgan bailing President Cleveland's government out of a depression, are gone with the wind. As Dean Acheson, a brilliant example of the patrician statesman, recently wrote: "Today, more than ever before, the prize of the general is not a bigger tent, but command. The managers of industry and finance have the bigger tents; but command rests with government." Such men as G. Mennen Williams, Chester Bowles, William Benton, Adlai Stevenson, Jack Kennedy, Joseph S. Clark and William Fulbright—rich, talented, and often called "egg-heads" — have surely been drawn into the political arena at least partly by the fascination of command.

Political democracy, as practiced in America today, is in many ways a great luxury. What nation in Asia could afford the multi-million-dollar campaigns we have seen here since the war? And in these costly modern campaigns, the candidate of private means has a great advantage over a less affluent opponent. While campaign contributions from outside sources are severely limited by law, there is no limit placed upon a candidate's personal expenditures. This is even more true in America than in England, for instance, where "interests" may legally finance a candidate as long as their support is open to public scrutiny.

FINALLY, in trying to explain why there has been an increase in the number of men of inherited wealth in politics today, one is likely to overlook an important statistical fact: it is simply that, in spite of inheritance and income taxes there is probably more inherited wealth in the nation today than ever before. Such famous American family names as Ford, Rockefeller, Mellon and DuPont, for instance, are all in the second or third generation today. In a systematic study of American millionaires, Pitirim Sorokin found this same trend toward more and more inherited fortunes. The composition of the student bodies of such exclusive educational institutions as Princeton and Groton is another index of the status of inherited position in America. At Princeton, the sons and grandsons of alumni increased from approximately 10 per cent of the entering class of 1922 to over 20 per cent of the class of 1940; at Groton, while the first son of an alumnus graduated in 1915, by 1940 approximately two-thirds of the boys were from old Groton families.

American civilization, led by businessmen of daring enterprise and ingenuity, has produced the highest standard of living the world has ever known. The continuing greatness of America will presumably depend on the nation's ability to shoulder the burden of world political leadership. The recent revival of patrician participation in public life is part of a more general response to this new challenge of world leadership. The prize of power is stimulating to the old rich, and the cult of the self-made man may very well be on the wane in our world of abundant consumption which seems to prefer *Vogue* and *Esquire* to such stuff as Horatio Alger. This may or may not be a healthy thing for our country but, after all, there are few authentic log cabins for future Presidents to be born in.

Mixed Blessings of Longer Life . . *by Dan Wakefield*

The walls were made out of marble,
The machines were made out of gold;
And nobody ever got tired,
And nobody ever got old . . .
—*A song of the Textile Workers.*

AS EVERY STUDENT of mythology knows, men are most plagued by their wishes that finally come true—the Gods are no easy givers. We are currently afflicted by the beginning realizations of some of mankind's oldest and, as it sometimes turns out, silliest wishes. Highest in the headlines is the business of flying to the moon, and creeping up fast from the small print of the medical journals is the quieter but equally fantastic news that mortal men—if not yet living forever—are living nearly twice as long as they did in 1900. A doctor in Sweden recently stated that the life expectancy of that country's citizens might be one hundred years by the end of the century. Last week, Doctor Howard M. Rusk of the Bellevue Medical Center and the New York University Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation told a convention of

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the National Geriatrics Society that the average age in America today is seventy years, and once we conquer arteriosclerosis "there's no telling what the ceiling will be."

There are 15,000,000 men and women over sixty-five in the United States today, as compared with 3,000,000 in 1900, and the rate is now increasing at an estimated half-million a year, which means that approximately 2,000 people a day are joining the ranks of Americans over sixty-five. The dramatic increase in the number of older citizens has suddenly made the aged population recognized as a major one in medicine, politics, business, families and communities. Organizations dealing with the problem have sprung up all over the country in the past ten years, and there are now almost as many studies being made and conferences being held on the problems of "senior citizens" as there are on juvenile delinquents.

ONLY this month the American Medical Association officially joined the battle with the formation of the Joint Council to Improve the Health Care of the Aged, sponsored by the A.M.A., the American Dental Association, the American Hospital Association and the American Nursing Home Association, and is planning a national conference in September. The concerns of this group are heavily weighted with matters of politics as well as medicine, for now it is not only the unions but the old people who are looming as a threat to medical free enterprise. In California, county medical societies are in revolt against a new federal-state medical-assistance plan which would provide $29,000,000 for the care of the needy aged, blind and crippled. The doctors feel that the plan would be another step toward socialized medicine. With a 15,000,000-strong "old people's voting bloc," we can expect similar bills throughout the country, and the A.M.A.'s Joint Council conference in September will probably try to put a finger in the dike with its proposals, which include more voluntary health insurance and more voluntary health services for the aged. As a recent release of the Joint Council put it, "The principal responsibility for the care of the aged rests on the family and community level."

Before the A.M.A. got into the act, many other groups had formed to look into the problems of care of the old, including the National Committee on the Aging, created in 1950 out of the need for information of many local groups. In 1956, it received a Ford Foundation grant to expand its studies and guidance facilities. Also, quite naturally, the institutions throughout the country, which in the dark days of our less scientific approach to the problem were known as "Old People's Homes," have organized themselves in the face of the rising tide of senior citizens. This group, composed now of 600 "public, voluntary and proprietary institutions consisting of hospitals, sanitariums, homes for the aged, nursing homes and similar institutions that have a geriatrics program in whole or in part" is known as the National Geriatrics Society, and it held its fifth annual convention this month in New York City. The N.G.S. statement of aims says that "One of the primary purposes of the Society is to educate and exchange ideas among its membership . . ." and the delegates to the recent convention were presented with a staggering array of the ideas, questions and problems of geriatrics that seem to be growing as fast as our life expectancy.

IN THE field of medicine, new attention to the treatment of aged patients has produced a great many new attitudes on the part of doctors. Dr. James F. Carlin, the clinical director of the New Jersey State Hospital at Ancora, compared the "traditional" concept of the geriatrics patient with the "traditional" concept of the schizophrenic, which until the many research discoveries of the past decade had become a "static concept of what the patient is *supposed* to be like." In both of these cases, Dr. Carlin said, "we had created the picture ourselves." He said that we now must ask the question: "Do old people behave as they do because we expect them to?" New research is now going on concerning "perceptivity," Dr. Carlin reported, and one experiment which put young, healthy people in a rubber suit and placed them upside down in water with a steady temperature for hours at a time, thereby eliminating all sensory activity, produced the kind of confused and disorganized thinking which is often found in old people. Since aging causes a deterioration of the senses, especially in sight and hearing, it may be that mental confusion in old people is often due to "a decrease in sensory data" rather than "brain difficulties," Dr. Carlin said.

THERE has also been a change of thinking concerning treatment of actual mental illnesses in older patients. Dr. Walter Lorenz, the chief of medical geriatrics at the New Jersey State Hospital, said that when electric-shock treatment for mental patients was first introduced in this country in 1940, it was felt that it could not be used on patients of advanced age. But experiments in 1945, involving electric shock to a large number of patients over sixty years of age, showed no harmful effects and a definite improvement in 79.6 per cent of the cases. Since 1947, Dr. Lorenz said, electric shock has been used increasingly in treating older patients, especially with the discovery that tranquillizers can help prevent bone injuries. The aid of tranquillizers for aged patients in this and other types of treatment has been "phenomenal," Dr. Lorenz said.

The continued use of more traditional, non-medical "tranquillizers" was also much in evidence throughout the convention. Dr. Lorenz himself put a word in for the use of religion with older patients, and said that "An optimistic belief in an omnipotent supernatural being may help to ward off recessive tendencies. . . ." An exhibitor's display of "Aerolux Cheer Lights," which are small, glass-enclosed, glow-in-the-dark colored flowers, advertised these items as "Restful, Comforting, Cheering, Relaxing, and Reassur-

(*Continued on page 503*)

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Salvo for William Carlos Williams

M. L. Rosenthal

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens.

—"The Red Wheelbarrow"

THIS YEAR William Carlos Williams becomes seventy-five. The event will be heralded by the appearance of *Paterson V*, from which we are privileged to publish, on the following pages, a few sections in advance. We seize the occasion to make this issue a small Williams-*fiesta*. Nothing very formal, but we are happy to have a poet of his kind writing in the United States today.

Perhaps any sort of literary occasion plays this poet false. Writing about Williams, one always wants to do things *his* way, with that same deceptive ordinariness, those wildly unaffected exclamations—

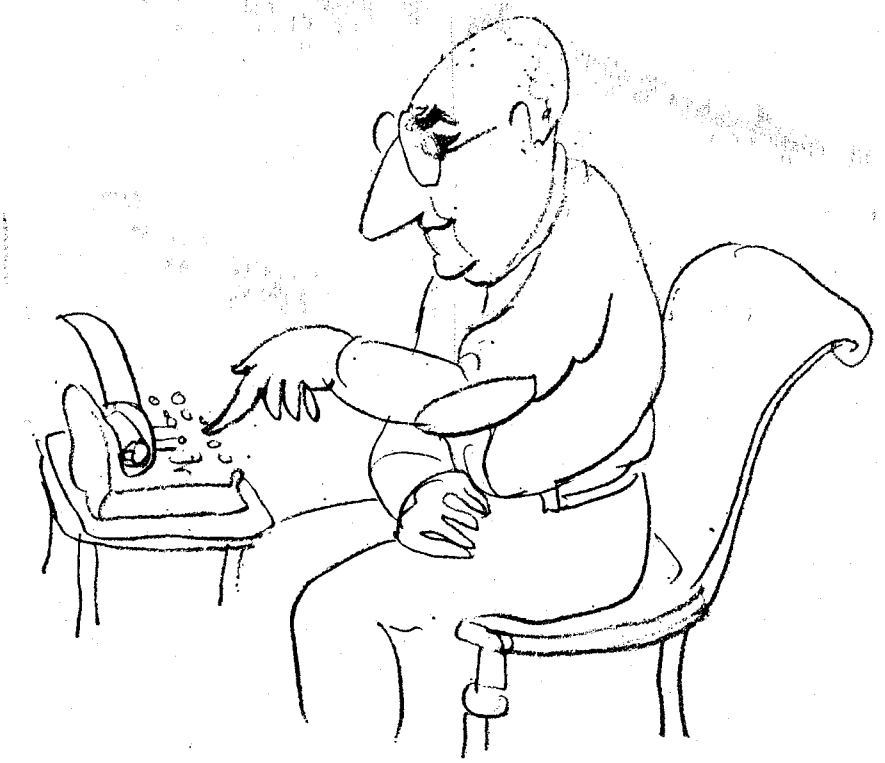
The trees—being trees
thrash and scream
guffaw and curse—
wholly abandoned
damning the race of men—

Christ, the bastards
haven't even sense enough
to stay out of the rain—

Wha ha ha ha
Wheeeeee. . . .

Williams' own talk, like his writing, is natural and simple, almost diffident though always frank.* But it gets where it wants to get; it moves without transition into profundities whenever he so intends. One suddenly grows aware of something precise emerging from the casual exchange, discovering itself, it may be, through a metaphor of green plants in running water or through some sharp, cold projection of thought thrusting above the kindly amenities. In his poetry there is a *mystique* of the physical, but here too one must qualify; austerity is behind it—the quiet irony and self-discipline of the sensitive medical man, reinforced by the artist-moralist's preoccupations. Even the Williams residence partakes of this austerity. The compact, old-fashioned doctor's-house is set right in the midst of Rutherford, with the "downtown" stores almost across the street and the traffic all around and the shabby crisscross of New Jersey's railroads and highways not far off. It has a right relation to everything that holds clear of pretentiousness, whether out of choice or out of necessity.

So it's not quite "good old Bill" or "good old Doc." Apart from his magnificent ear, there is essential to this poet's achievement not only his generosity of spirit but a faith so intense and stern it all but becomes despair. It is a faith in the meaning of experienced reality and in the power of art to reveal it and, as he says, "to right all wrongs." "The Red Wheelbarrow," quoted at the head of these remarks, expresses this faith, quietly but with absolute authority. In each little stanza the opening line, with its two stressed syllables, prepares for a flight of thought and imagination, while the second weighs the tiny unit down with a turn of idiom or the name of a familiar concrete object. The poem's design is a striving for value, for significant realization, against the resistant drag of the merely habitual. Everything "depends" on the way we see color, shape, relationships; the scope of our understanding of life depends on it, the freedom of our consciousness, the way we transcend limitations and



Courtesy, The Literary Review; Fairleigh Dickinson University.

William Carlos Williams (caricature by Edgar I. Williams)

*For many engaging examples of the poet's conversation, see his *I Want to Write a Poem*, reported and edited by Edith Heal (Beacon Press. $3.95) — a scholarly bibliography combined with extended comments by the poet on each of his books.

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A Woman

There is a woman in our town
walks rapidly, flat bellied
in worn slacks upon the street
where I saw her.
Neither short
nor tall, nor old nor young
her
face would attract no
adolescent. Grey eyes looked
straight before her.
Her
hair
was gathered simply behind the
ears under a shapeless hat.
Her
hips were narrow, her
legs
thin and straight. She stopped
me in my tracks — until I saw
her
disappear in the crowd.
An inconspicuous decoration
made of sombre cloth, meant
I think to be a flower, was
pinned flat to her
right
breast — any woman might have
done the same to
say she was a woman and warn
us of her mood. Otherwise
she was dressed in male attire,
as much as to say to hell
with you. Her
expression was
serious, her
feet were small.
And she was gone!

. if ever I see you again
as I have sought you
daily without success
I'll speak to you, alas
too late! ask,
What are you doing on the
streets of Paterson? a
thousand questions:
Are you married? Have you any
children? And, most important,
your NAME! which
of course she may not
give me — though
I cannot conceive it
in such a lonely and
intelligent woman
. have you read anything that I have written?
It is all for you
or the birds . . . .

***From* Paterson V**
William Carlos Williams
(To be published by New Directions)

The Satyrs

. . or the Satyrs, a
pre-tragic play,
a satyric play!
All plays
were satyric when they were most devout.
Ribald as a Satyr!
Satyrs dance!
all the deformities take wing
Centaurs
leading to the rout of the vocables
in the writings
of Gertrude
Stein — but
you cannot be
an artist
by mere ineptitude
The dream
is in pursuit!
The neat figures of
Paul Klee
fill the canvas
but that
is not the work
of a child .
the cure began, perhaps,
with the abstraction
of Arabic art
Dürer
with his *Melancholy*
was ware of it —
the shattered masonry. Leonardo
saw it,
the obsession,
and ridiculed it
in *La Gioconda.*
Bosch's
congeries of tortured souls and devils
who prey on them
fish
swallowing
their own entrails
Freud
Picasso
Juan Gris.
a letter from a friend
saying:
For the last
three nights
I have slept like a baby
without
liquor or dope of any sort!
we know
that a stasis
from a chrysalis
has stretched its wings .
like a bull
or a Minotaur
or Beethoven
in the scherzo
from the 5th Symphony
stomped
his heavy feet
I saw love
mounted naked on a horse

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on a swan
the tail of a fish
the blood thirsty conger eel
and laughed
recalling the Jew
in the pit
among his fellows
when the indifferent chap
with the machine gun
was spraying the heap .

he had not yet been hit
but smiled
comforting his companions .
comforting
his companions
Dreams possess me
and the dance
of my thoughts
involving animals
the blameless beasts

A Brueghel Nativity

Peter Brueghel, the elder, painted
a Nativity, painted a Baby
new born!
among the words.
Armed men.
savagely armed men
armed with pikes,
halberds and swords
whispering men with averted faces,
get to the heart
of the matter
as they talked to the pot bellied
greybeard (center)
the butt of their comments,
looking askance, showing their
amazement at the scene,
features like the more stupid
German soldiers of the late
war

— but the Baby (as from an
illustrated catalogue
in colors) lies naked on his Mother's
knees

— it is a scene, authentic
enough, to be witnessed frequently
among the poor (I salute
the man Brueghel who painted
what he saw —
many times no doubt
among his own kids but not of course
in this setting

The crowned and mitred heads
of the three men, one of them black,
who had come, obviously from afar
(highwaymen?)
by the rich robes
they had on — offered
to propitiate their gods

Their hands were loaded with gifts
— they had eyes for visions
in those days — and saw,
saw with their proper eyes,
these things
to the envy of the vulgar soldiery

He painted
the bustle of the scene,
the unkempt straggling
hair of the old man in the
middle, his sagging lips
— incredulous
that there was so much fuss
about such a simple thing as a baby
born to an old man
out of a girl and a pretty girl
at that

But the gifts! (works of art,
where could they have picked
them up or more properly
have stolen them?)
— how else to honor
an old man or a woman?

— the soldiers' ragged clothes,
mouths open,
their knees and feet
broken from thirty years of
war, hard campaigns, their mouths
watering for the feast which
had been provided

Peter Brueghel the artist saw it
from the two sides: the
imagination must be served —
and he served
dispassionately.

The Measure

— learning with age to sleep my life away:
saying .
The measure intervenes, to measure is all we know,
a choice among the measures . .
the measured dance

"unless the scent of a rose
startle us anew"

Equally laughable
is to assume to know nothing, a
chess game
massively, "materially," compounded!

Yo ho! ta ho!

We know nothing and can know nothing
but
the dance, to dance to a measure,
contrapuntally,
Satyrically, the tragic foot.

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communicate with one another as human beings.

Williams' remarkable alertness to the subtler life of the senses—how it feels to be a growing thing of any kind, or to come into birth; how the freshness of the morning or the feel of a particular moment in a particular season impresses itself upon us; what impact the people glimpsed or encountered in a myriad transitory situations make upon us at the moment of the event—gives him a keener and more adventurous insight into the aesthetic potentialities of that life. The general population's insensitivity to those potentialities is one of his concerns. He links this problem to another: the absence of a "language" that will enable Americans to cultivate, direct and shape their crude and, at present, suicidal energies. "The pure products of America," he has written, "go crazy." They have lost contact with European tradition, and left to themselves they run to emptiness and depravity. His *In the American Grain* is an attempt to sum up the materials of an informing American myth; it is one of the truly germinative American prose-works of this century, a perfect complement to his fiction with its close-ups of the splintering violences and innumerable undeveloped sources of strength in American culture. The waste of possibility—it is in dealing with this crucial theme in poems like "To Elsie" and "The Raper from Passenack" that Williams comes closest to despair.

His greatest effort to deal with it is in the *Paterson* sequence. In this long poem he chose to base his structure on the movement of the river he has elsewhere called the "filthy Passaic." He sought an *open* structure like that of Pound's *Cantos*. "I decided there would be four books following the course of the river whose life seemed more and more to resemble my own . . . : above the Falls, the catastrophe of the Falls itself, . . . below the Falls and the entrance at the end to the great sea." At the beginning the city of Paterson (an epitome of the American scene, with the poet—sometimes called "Dr. Paterson"—its unrecognized prophet) is seen as a sleeping stone-giant. The people, automatons whom he *might* give more vital existence to, walk "unroused" and "incommunicado." They do not know the organic relatedness that gives unconscious meaning to every moment in the lives of primitive peoples. Grossness, destructiveness, daredeviltry and divorce—and the constant dullness and blocking-off of self-discovery and communication—are the outward signs of our condition. Everywhere the sexual life is thwarted and distorted; we are the victims of a sexual confusion inseparable from our cultural confusions—Williams shares this theme with Lawrence, but gives it a peculiarly American emphasis. The first four books of *Paterson*, completed in 1951, were intended to be the whole work. They constitute a devastating comment on every phase of our life, though a comment relieved by momentary oases of perceived or envisioned beauty, and they "end" modestly and familiarly, as they began, in the midst of things, in the midst of predicament.

NOW, in his fifth book of *Paterson*, Dr. Williams reopens the issues. Or rather, he refocuses them. The transforming and saving power of the aesthetic imagination is played like a brilliant light over old archetypal motifs and symbols—sexuality versus chaste love, reality versus the ideal, the Virgin and the Whore, the hunted-down Unicorn pictured, in a famous tapestry now at The Cloisters in New York, amid a setting both natural and courtly. Such themes and images do the refocusing, placing the poet's perspectives in sharper relation to the bedeviled perspectives of the culture at large.

The four passages from *Paterson V* presented in this issue can each be viewed as a self-contained poem. I see no diminution of the characteristic skill and excitement of their author's work in them, but rather a mellowing without loss of energy—*Paterson*'s "roar of the present" removed just enough to give the poem another, a much needed dimension. The section we have titled "A Woman" shows how wonderfully human and personal is Williams' conception of the sexual confusion and the need for communication, and what a mysterious gift he has for making poetry out of almost purely private feeling. "The Satyrs" is one of his most concentrated poetic statements of what has been the main subject of the present essay—his view of the artist's relation to a world of distorted possibility, suffering and brutality, but at the same time one of heroism and love! In "A Brueghel Nativity" he shows, as he has before, the kinship of spirit he feels with the elder Brueghel. And in "The Measure" (these titles are all ours) he presents one of his most moving assertions of the function of art, "the measured dance," in the ordering of the poet's own life now, at the age of seventy-four.

'The Best Human Value'

Louis Zukofsky

Dear Bill,

I have been asked to say what we have meant to each other, what we did, how we met, and so on—to sum up, in short, thirty years at a week's notice.

I could begin with old Hume who wrote "My Own Life" in just less than thirteen Roman numbered pages (in my edition of *The History of England from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Abdication of James the Second*). It is the tersest autobiography I know—and the funniest. From what you keep on saying at seventy-five I know you will find his last page good enough for a laugh, despite our habitual inclination to want to cut a word here and there:

> . . . were I to name a period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardor as ever in study, and

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY, poet, critic and editor, is an old-time associate of William Carlos Williams and Ezra Pound. He was one of the founders of the Objectivist movement in poetry.

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the same gayety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional lustre . . . it is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.

To conclude historically with my own character: I am, or rather was, (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which imboldens me the more to speak my sentiments;) I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though most men, anywise eminent, have found reason to complain of Calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked by her . . . and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct; not but the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained.

April 18, 1776

Let anyone who wishes guess at the relevance to my life and yours that prompted *that* quote. Lives declare their same differences some hundred or some hundreds of years later on the other side of that or this Pond.

As for the invariant Bill Williams:

Blue at the prow of my desire.

An early line—and for that reason I suppose uppermost in my mind, there is a difference of only twenty years between our ages—its character owns all the phases of your later work, the catastrophic and gentle *in its characters, in their signing hieroglyphics.*

The good memories are never recollected. It's as Hamlet says: *If it be now, 'tis not to come.* They are not here to be written *about*, and not in a hurry: but as the years have it, the earliest with the latest—*if it be not to come, it will be now.*

Ezra, early in March (your month you have said) 1928—"Re/private life: Do go down an' stir up Bill Willyums, still the best human value on my murkn visiting list."

Your Easter letter of that year asks me, "Was the Matthäus Passion well sung?" I had begun my book, "A," for which, thirty years later, having as you say an idea, you have just presented me with a foreword—when I thought you were working on *Paterson V*. There were different projects then about which you were "less volatile. . . . I have gotten older . . . after seventy perhaps . . . perhaps it will crystallize soon." Not a bad prophecy. But my satisfaction is that I seem then to have been "ubiquitous" (*you say*—how could I have been?) and with a few friends we did get things done: *The Descent of Winter* issue (*Exile* 4); *A Novelette and Other Prose* ("To" Publishers); your first *Collected Poems* (The Objectivist Press).

The names of our presses were my ideas: *To*—as we might say, a health to —*To*. I have this that you said about it: "I never knew *To* was a noun gosh all hemlock. I'll have to look that up. Anyway it's not a bad name for publicity —nobody can understand it or keep from thinking about it once they see it." And as for the *Objectivists* (who I suspect any century now are to make the exegetical anthologies) Charles Reznikoff ingenuously condensed my longish prospectus into "writers publishing their own work."

It involved an unremitting exchange of letters, your blanket orders to shorten, emend and correct anything in your manuscripts that would clean them up and save pennies—a conceptive impatience on your part some times that offered the editor the poor consolation of thinking. Not that your talk is not always rich with some concept—though you have often refused to believe it. But like Puck, whose pointed ears you've inherited, after yielding to the human and worse humane maze you must also fly from it, putting a girdle round about the earth, as he says, in forty minutes: to the attic under the gable, the car, the roses in your back yard, the oak dining room or the typewriter in your doctor's office.

The visits to your home entailed crossing the Hudson by either of two ways: taking the old bus in an alley behind the Hotel Astor, or the ferry to the Erie Railroad—somehow always with your "Wanderer" in mind. I preferred the Erie route: perhaps for the historical associations—and the change after the direct breeze of the ferry—the iron girders and vaulting of the station, the scene of C. F. Adams' chapter of An Erie Raid; perhaps for the fact that the same journey afforded a contrast of finance, as murky as when Aristotle first wrote about the unnatural evil, and the American robin's egg blue covers of your *Spring and All*. I had earned it as a bonus and sometimes carried it with me. The colored paper covers have crackled: it has been my favorite of all your books—dated April 11, 1928.

I suppose a citation ought to carry

To Bill Williams

I would make this all as single as a song,
My own assumption in a flittering stance,
Twenty years cast in an easy affirmation.

The truth is there is truth on every side,
Each protagonist as relativist
Invests the present with his intellectual twist.

You are no absolute, Bill! But genial soul
And spanking eye, no hatred of your fellows,
Concludes we love you the worldly American.

With gusto to toss the classics out, and with them
The sonnet, you live yet in a classic Now,
Pretend to advance order in your plain music,

And even preach that Form (you call it measure,
Or idiom) is all, albeit your form would mate
The sprawling forms, incohoate, of our civilization.

RICHARD EBERHART

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gifts with it. They happen to be yours —three extracts I once jotted down from your letters:

> Floss going back to plant 30 new plants and expecting miracles of bloom in the spring.

(That would be after the four of us had walked in the rose garden in Bronx Park during the worst of the war in 1941. The next is about my son, Paul, playing his quarter-size violin just about ten years ago.)

> Dear Louis & Celia:
>
> I told mother this afternoon of Paul's playing of the violin. She was highly amused and interested, could hardly believe it true. I had to show her the size of the fiddle and show her how he stood and bowed. She was very much taken by the story. Finally she said, My compliments to the father and mother. So that's what I'm sending you.
>
> Best,
>
> Bill

(The next is dated Oct. 22/35.)

> I can't stand the full restraint that X even in his wildest ravings is willing to acknowledge. Maybe that makes him a better man than I am. My only answer to that is there aint no such animal. No one is "better." Anyone is only relatively perfect. It is this tolerance which I apply to others as well as myself which alone keeps me going . . . to a man with some sort of pride of spirit—if you call it that—I remain only a half educated barbarian. That goes deep. Deep in me where hell will break loose. I deny . . . every tenet that can be called tenable, every scientific trend, every philosophic stab. . . . Every physical grasp of facts establishes [*that*] sort of tradition as false — empty. That's what I wish to avoid, to destroy. That's, for instance, the real underlying ground in my imagination of the character of Washington —or Shakespeare. There is something there, underneath the dynamo of intelligence—of life itself that is crude, rebellious—the lack of which, or the denial of which . . . makes an ass.
>
> Yours,
>
> Louis

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

SO FAR, the twentieth century has been a boom time for the musical experimenters, academics, rebels and charlatans. John Cage, who was born in 1912, has generally been considered a useful experimentalist, and I have accepted the consensus, despite some distressing encounters with his music, partly because an iconoclast, whatever he may accomplish in a directly creative way, is a useful weapon against smug conservatism, and partly because one cannot make easy judgments about experimental music. Such work may be cantilevering out into aesthetic space, and cannot be judged until it has spanned a considerable distance. After hearing a retrospective concert of Cage's music at Town Hall recently, I feel that the moment has arrived when valid observations can be made. It distresses me that, following this overview of his creative output, my hard-held faith in his aesthetic importance has faltered.

This troubles me particularly because I am convinced that Cage has always been an honest experimentalist, thoroughly wrapped up in the philosophy of his work, and anything but a charlatan. He seems a gentle sort of rebel; a person endowed with genuine creative abilities; and one capable of exerting a beneficent influence upon other, younger composers, as unvicious iconoclasts can often do.

One problem in judging work which calls itself experimental is to decide just what the word means. A certain amount of experimentation goes on in the workshop of every composer. But that does not put all music—or even all radically new music—into the "experimental" category. The explorations of Stravinsky and Milhaud into polytonality and polyrhthmics never caused the word "experimental" to be applied to their music. Nor, for that matter, were the 12-tone adventures of Schönberg and Webern or the material-technical advances of Bartok ever classified as experiments. These men's creations have always been called *music—moderne,* cacaphonous, mad, incomprehensible, *avant-garde*— whatever you wish. But not experiments.

I suspect that "experimental" is a genre created as a haven for works which may not be able to stand as art creations, but which are thought to be of value, nevertheless, to the technology of music. Since the state of music in our epoch has necessiated exploration, and since this has been a healthy response to the plight of the post-Wagner-Debussy composer, we should not complain if a few men concentrate almost their entire energies on experimental possibilities. At the very least, their probings may instruct and stimulate other composers.

I do feel, however, that the experimental composer might serve us better if he would exert the self-criticism necessary to differentiate between his creative works and his laboratory experiments. The public deserves at least fair warning when the sounds which it is about to hear do not constitute, in the creator's judgment, a fully-formed art object. Since Cage did not make any such distinctions in the programming of his retrospective concert; since, indeed, it was inferred that all the works were music, I am constrained to consider them from that point of view.

The first item on the overlong and arduous program was called *Six Short Inventions for Seven Instruments* (1934). According to Cage's notes: "This was the last of a series of chromatic pieces begun in 1933. Dealing with the problem of keeping repetitions of each of the 25 tones of 2 octaves as far apart as possible, though each of the 3 voices employs the same range, these pieces led Henry Cowell to suggest my studying with Arnold Schönberg and Adolph Weiss." The *Inventions* sounded Webernesque; cogent; not particularly inspired; but contrapuntally clear.

The second work was the most interesting I heard that evening. It was entitled *Construction in Metal* (1937) and was played by the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble, directed by Paul Price. This is a percussion orchestra piece of the sort that is now familiar in New York halls. In 1937, it must have seemed audacious; in 1958, it is still fascinating and impressive. Some of the more intriguing sounds were produced by a small gong, beaten upon with a soft mallet while it was being dunked into a washtub full of water; various metal foil strips which were vigorously shaken by the performers to make a rattling, somehow Oriental sound; a kind of xylophone made out of metal pipe segments; many cymbals; and a piano, the innards of which were worked upon by David Tudor to make an unidentifiable, thunder-like rumble. *Construction* is a long work. At first, it seemed dull, but as time and the composer's invention accumulated, it rose to a compelling pitch.

Next came *Imaginary Landscape No. 1* (1939), a bawdy, raucous-sounding

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affair made from a "recording of constant and variable frequency records, cymbal, and piano." The sounds came through loud speakers, and were dominated by an inebriated glissando whistle, which rose and fell, with a sort of slapping sound to demarcate a point of constant return. The work seemed a bit raw and naive, but it was fun; not unlike a burlesque gag.

The Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs (1942), with a text adapted from Finnegans Wake, turned out to be a trifle. Arline Carmen, a tall, striking contralto, intoned upon about three notes from her bottom register, while the composer, avoiding the keyboard entirely, patted his hands about the wood of the piano, top and bottom, in various rhythms of his own contriving. The voice line was monotonous and conservatively modal; the patting looked and sounded ineffectual.

A *Quartet* for twelve tom-toms and a *Duo* for contralto and piano ("prepared" by mechanically changing the timbre of the strings) were called collectively *She is Asleep* (1943). The first part of this for tom-toms, was interesting because of the gorgeous sounds the instruments can make, but, unfortunately, the composer's inventiveness was not in full flower. The contralto section (*Duo*) would have made a nice, mild travelogue score for a South-Sea island or jungle movie. The contralto sang no words, but among her various nonverbal utterances, "aaah-*wuh!*" seemed important.

After the first intermission, Maro Ajemian played a number of *Sonatas and Interludes* which Cage had composed for her between 1946 and 1948. These works, which at first hearing some years ago struck me as remarkably subtle and "advanced," are actually rather mild. The "prepared piano" sounds lovely, but the melodic and harmonic material seems timid and essentially conventional. It was apparent, even without the program notes, that the composer had headed toward the territory of the eastern Indian performer-composers. But, having reduced his active resources to rhythm, he was unable to be as rhythmically dynamic as the Indians, and monotony set in.

After this came a first performance of *Music for Carillon* (1954), which David Tudor played upon the keyboard of an electronic carillon. I could find no excuse for this piece. It splashed around in a meaningless fashion, making a great deal of random noise. According to the program, the piece was "written as points on paper, found by placing template stencils at structural points." Perhaps the manuscripts looked pretty, but the sounds were balderdash, and I sympathized with a distinguished older composer who made his disgruntled exit while the carillon was clanging.

The next work, *William Mix* (1952), was the one which crushed my own powers of endurance. This piece was composed upon magnetic tapes, set up stereophonically to sound through eight loudspeakers. I hold no brief against tape music. Indeed, I admire much of it. But this concoction was naive, dull and, as tape music goes, antediluvian. The program's ultimate item was called *Concert for Piano and Orchestra* (1957-58). It was one of those adventures into aural anarchy and total chance of which the world, in my opinion, cannot have too few. The "piece" has no score; the conductor, like the players, goes through his own, independent part, and the chaos may continue as long as it likes, improvised from materials the "composer" has provided. In this instance, I am informed by a friend, the work went on for twenty-five minutes, which would have carried the program to midnight.

Mixed Blessing of Longer Life

(*Continued from page 496*)

ing. . . ." What seemed to be the highest development along these lines was proclaimed by the New Castle Sanitarium of New Castle, Kentucky, which announced itself in the official N.G.S. journal as the place "Where Happiness Is Skillfully Administered."

The dimensions of such a feat became increasingly evident as the convention speakers brought up the new sorts of "social" problems created by the growth of our older population. Dr. Carlin said that many of the geriatrics patients brought to the New Jersey State Hospital are able to "readjust from their problems" after a few weeks. The problem in many of these cases is not the medical treatment, but what to do with the people once they've been treated. "Their beds in the nursing homes, and even the family homes where they were, have often been taken by the time they get out of hospital," Dr. Carlin said.

It often happens that families are relieved to send away an older member to a hospital where he is cared for away from home. Dr. Howard M. Rusk of Bellevue said that a recent survey of patients in New York City hospitals revealed that 2,800 out of 10,000 beds were occupied by people who did not have to remain in a hospital for medical reasons. A new type of institution to solve the growing problems of old people who have no place to go and do not require hospital services was put into operation this March in conjunction with one hospital in New York State, Dr. Rusk reported. It is specifically designed for the care of these "custodial-type patients" and, in our tranquillizing terminology, is called a "Homestead." Dr. Rusk said that development of more of these "Homesteads" next to a "Mother Hospital" might provide one answer and also save hospital expenses and facilities.

The problems of old people—just like the problems of juvenile delinquents—are in many ways born of our changing society. Dr. Carlin pointed out that the old "big family" group in one big family home was becoming a thing of the past, as high-speed transpor-

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tation puts different members of a family all over the country, more small homes are built and more families are dependent on women finding jobs who once might have cared for the old folks.

These theories were brought into personal focus at one of the panel discussions by Dr. D. H. Robinson, medical director of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia. Dr. Robinson said that "Twenty years ago it was mainly economic reasons that brought our people to us. Now it's more due to family problems—a fellow who went to live with a daughter or son and they moved to a smaller house where there wasn't any room for him except maybe in the attic; or maybe he just can't stand the kids or they can't stand him, and finally he comes to us."

THE PROBLEMS of the new aged population seem to be mainly the problems of where to go and what to do, and the compulsory retirement age of sixty-five, which puts many active, capable people into this dilemma, came under heavy attack by many of the convention speakers. "Age is physiological — not chronological," said Dr. Howard Rusk. "What would have happened if Churchill retired at sixty-five? That was the year of the Battle of Britain."

Dr. Rusk told how some people who have been retired are finding answers to what to do and where to go in the many "Over 65 Clubs" springing up over the country. One of them, which grew out of a group of old people who repeatedly came to register complaints at a welfare office in the Bronx, now has 700 members, whose average age is seventy-six. The group has a clubhouse, a spate of committees, work and entertainment programs, and since its formation the visits of the members to hospitals and clinics have dropped by 50 per cent.

"This," said Dr. Rusk, "is the preventive medicine of the future."

All we wanted was a chance to live longer and retire; now it is upon us and it seems our only hope is to hire a clubhouse and get back to work.

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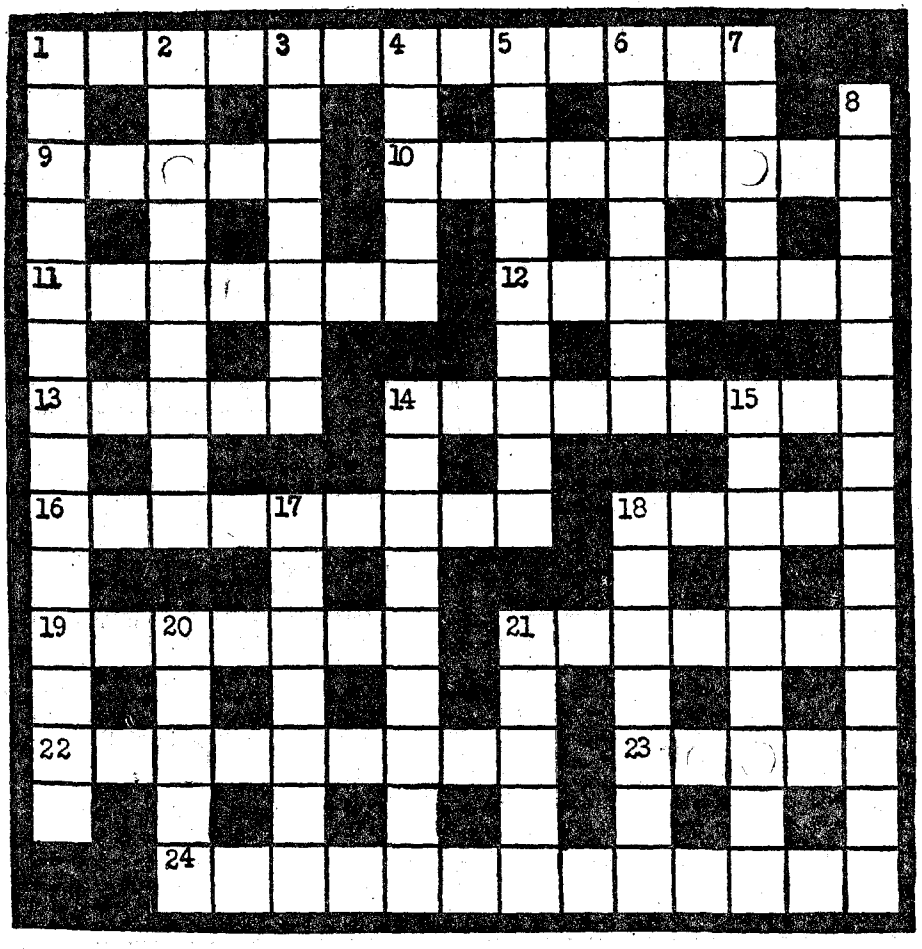
Crossword Puzzle No. 774

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A dime's worth of copper bosses? No, a boss is more stubby! (3-5, 5)
9 Split a quartet which is losing money? (5)
10 Lamb, for example, is dead. What can the law-maker do? (9)
11 Call to account for a downfall, by the sound of it. (7)
12 Mountain split asunder by the flood? (7)
13 A binder when drawn. (5)
14 Prokofieff's First Symphony—or just any old symphony? (9)
16 In deference to Bacon, I see! (9)
18 An Irishman represents the head of 1 across in court. (5)
19 One might buy such stock, if graft is your purpose. (7)
21 It should be able to take off affectations on the joint. (7)
22 It isn't diner food that takes care of the ride (5, 4)
23 Blather. (5)
24 Let me name part of this, and I'll call it somewhat unevenly disposed. (13)

DOWN:

1 Training to race out of the unknown? (5, 9)
2 Ornithic quotation. (9)
3 Foolish starters are not likely to! (7)
4 Material manufactured by our largest city and part of England's. (5)
5 Treat with this? Get attention without T.N.T. (9)
6 Underwrites. (7)
7 Extra lean, perhaps. (5)
8 A non-medium 24 case might be put here. (6, 8)
14 The support of sugar might be attached to a tree, in season. (5, 4)
15 Reservoir. (9)
17 Every body has such a connection in Munster. (7)
18 The nominal value can make the comparative story. (7)
20 Lamb and pig might have such an association. (5)
21 An era of the theater, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 773

Across: 1 and 22 down FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE; 9 LEVITES; 10 ENSNARE; 11 PALLADIUM; 12 IRENE; 13 OUTRUNS; 15 TUNISIA; 16 EMBARGO; 18 CURATOR; 20 STOIC; 21 TOWNSHIPS; 23 RESOLVE; 24 RAINIER; 25 EMPRESS EUGENIE. Down: 1 FULL PROFESSORS; 2 RIVULET; 3 EXTRACURRICULAR; 4 TOSTI; 5 RHEUMATIC; 6 RUSSIAN DRESSING; 7 ONAGERS; 8 FEDERAL RESERVE; 14 STOUTNESS; 17 BLOSSOM; 19 TUITION.

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TEST CASE FOR THE HISTORY BOOKS

THE FACTS

Three months ago, seven people in Cleveland, Ohio, were sentenced to 18 months imprisonment and $2500 fines for "conspiring" to file false affidavits with the National Labor Relations Board under the Taft-Hartley Law. The case is now on appeal.

Tried together were trade union leaders who are not Communists along with present and former Communist Party officials.

Only two defendants had themselves signed non-Communist Taft-Hartley affidavits. Fred and Marie Haug, parents of an eight-year-old girl, are a husband and wife team long active in Ohio labor. Fred Haug was a leader in UE, later a Mine Mill member. Marie Reed Haug, a Vassar Phi Beta Kappa, was one of the few women in labor leadership, and a National Committee member of the Progressive Party.

The other defendants include: Eric Reinthaler, machinist apprentice and rank-and-file union leader; Hyman Lumer, former college professor, now a national officer of the Communist Party; and former Ohio Communist officials Sam Reed and James West.

In many ways the prosecution case was typical of previous mass thought-control trials, with book quotations and professional informers. Appeals to prejudice and hysterial covered up for the lack of corroborated evidence, and for the fact the chief informer was directly contradicted by Marie Haug during her three days on the witness stand.

But the new techniques used at the trial held more significance. Normal trade union activities were made conspiratorial. Participation in the Progressive Party and in Negro rights groups was adduced as evidence of Communist membership. The prosecution claimed a person, to prove himself not a Communist, must "come over to the side of law and order" and become an informer.

THE SIGNIFICANCE

The Cleveland Taft-Hartley Conspiraiy Case is a new device.

For the first time in history, the age-old tyrannical doctrine of conspiracy, based on guilt by association, hearsay evidence, and denial of normal constitutional protections, has been applied to the anti-labor Taft-Hartley Law.

The non-Communist oath provisions of Taft-Hartley have been scored by labor and liberal groups as contrary to the free speech guarantees of the First Amendment.

Now the new Conspiracy-Taft-Hartley combination can be used to destroy independent-minded labor leaders, and at the same time substitute for the Smith Act, badly blunted by recent Supreme Court decisions. *THE PROSECUTION HAS ANNOUNCED THAT CLEVELAND IS A TEST CASE, WITH INDICTMENTS PREPARED IN SIX MORE CITIES.*

Small wonder, then, that a prominent Ohio labor leader calls this case "the most serious erosion of basic union rights since 1840"—and one of California's leading civil liberties attorneys calls it "the most important case before the nation today."

THE ISSUES

HISTORY BOOKS OF THE FUTURE WILL RECORD THIS CASE AS AN IMPORTANT LANDMARK IN THE STATUS OF LABOR RIGHTS, POLITICAL RIGHTS, AND LOYALTY OATHS IN AMERICA. APPEAL ISSUES INCLUDE:

★ The entire concept of conspiracy, based as it is on gossip and hearsay, will be under review. Broadened in a manner never before attempted to include labor, Progressive Party and Negro rights activities, these extensions of this dangerous device will become legal precedents, with limitless destructive possibilities, unless the Appeals Court reversed the lower court decisions.

★ The requirement of more than one witness to prove perjury was by-passed and uncorroborated testimony of informers was permitted. Hundreds of thousands of labor leaders, school teachers, small business men, government employees, unemployed workers, must file sworn statements with government agencies. Unless the appeal is won, all these are open to persecution for their ideas, by one person's testimony.

★ Civil libertarians were heartened last year by the Supreme Court's Jencks decision, requiring that revelant FBI reports be made available to defendants. In Cleveland the lower court refused to follow the Supreme Court ruling, and even interpreted very narrowly the later law on this subject. **The appeal will determine whether the constitutional landmark of the Jencks decision is to stand.**

WE, the undersigned, who participated in the national leadership of the Progressive Party, are greatly concerned. Funds for the appeal are needed at once. Printing of the court records, and the cost of an effective legal fight will run to many thousands of dollars.

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